

The Scholastic Year.

EDITED BY THE STUDENTS.

"Labor omnia vincit."

VOL. I.

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HISTORY.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS,

Delivered before the Senior Students of the University, February 16, 1868.

BY PROF. T. E. HOWARD, A. M.

[CONCLUDED.]

But, if a knowledge of history is thus important to every one, it is to us Americans,—the heirs of all time, the product, as it were, of the history of the ages, that the history of all things that have gone before is of pre-eminent importance.

Westward the star of empire takes its way,
The four first acts already past,
The fifth shall close the drama with the day,
Time's noblest offspring is the last.

We are not only the offspring of all time, but of all nations. Almost every people of history is represented here, either by colonists or by emigrants; and the history of the American people runs back into the history of these mother nations from whom they come. We are not only Americans, but we are also Europeans—Germans, Spanish, Irish, English, French, Swedes and the rest—and from all these people we draw our customs, our institutions and our laws. This is true in a particular manner of England; not that the majority of Americans are of English descent, but that, on account of the original British settlement, and the political connection of the colonies with

the English government, our laws and institutions have chiefly grown out of the constitution of England, her common law and her Magna Charta; all these are ours as well as hers; and, to understand our own government and constitution, we must be acquainted with the history of the rise of free institutions in the English government and the English constitution. The laws of the good king St. Edward, the conquest of the Normans, the revolution which culminated under Cromwell, and that more important one which brought William and Mary to the British throne, must be well known to us before we can appreciate the political blessings which we derive from these sources. Indeed, it may be said, that, for us, English history is but a part of American history; and a part, too, which we must first read before we can read our own with profit.

But, notwithstanding all this, there is a great and ever present objection to the study of history; it is full of lies; we know not what author we can take up with safety; for, as Napoleon organized victory, so that he was certain of success beforehand, so have there writers organized error, so that they are sure to deceive us. If that, indeed, were strictly true, it would be a sad state of affairs, and it would be better not to read at all. But it is not; the truth is never without its defenders; and it is one of the objects of the study of history to learn to choose the teachers of truth from those of error. The truth exists, and it is our duty to find it, to use it, and to make it known to others.

How then shall we pursue this interesting and useful study? To start with, many books are not necessary. We read too many books nowadays. The old rule was, *Much in little*; but we make it, *Little in much*. We read a great many books carelessly, and, consequently, learn very little. One book well known is worth a whole library skimmed over. There is a wise old maxim that

comes just to the point here, "Fear the man with one book." That is, the man who thoroughly masters one book, has positive knowledge, and is certain to overthrow him whose information is loosely scattered all over creation, without system or arrangement;—such historical knowledge is almost useless. One book at a time, then; and that book one of those which Bacon says are to be chewed and digested.

In the next place, the universal history of mankind, that is, the outlines of Ancient and Modern History, should be first taken up; so that our knowledge of history may be connected and systematic. By this means we may fix the most important events and dates of all time, to which we may afterwards refer the particular incidents in the history of each nation; and so have a comprehensive and satisfactory view of the whole history of the world.

It is not pretended that we can obtain at college a complete knowledge of history. But by mastering the outlines of general history, we can afterwards direct our special reading, with intelligence and profit, into the different departments we may wish to understand more thoroughly and in detail. The general knowledge of history which we obtain in college may thus become both chart and compass to guide us over the boundless ocean of historic lore, into the particular seas we may wish to examine more exactly. General history will, as it were, teach us the latitude and longitude of the different events in the history of each country. Each event will be connected in time with some grand epoch in universal history. For instance: the great epochs of all time are, the creation, the birth of our Saviour, and the present time; and to understand the significance of any event, or to remember with ease the time of its occurrence, we must refer it to one of these dates. Other subordinate dates are, the flood, the founding of the great empires and republics of ancient and modern times, the crusades, the discovery of America, etc. By fixing well these prominent dates we can more easily remember the time of the occurrence of a more common event, and also be able to understand better its bearing on the state of human affairs; for some events naturally spring out of others, and should be remembered in connection with them: the central and ruling action being grasped by the mind, the others cluster around it; as, by one stem hangs the bunch of grapes. Take an example: In 1215, the English barons

gather around king John at Runnymede and compel him to sign the Great Charter; liberty continues to gain ground in the British constitution, is transplanted to the New World. The American Revolution, the French Revolution and destruction by Bonaparte of European Feudalism, Emancipation of the Russian Serfs, Abolition of American Slavery—are not these and many other events clearly traceable to one cause, that cause even prior to king John, the spirit of Christianity, as slowly but surely developed in modern politics? Thus does general history give us a mastery over, a grasp of events, which we can never have so long as we read, at hap hazard, the history of one nation after another.

I hope, then, that we shall have a pleasant and a profitable time together, studying, thinking over, and talking about the principal events in the outlines of Ancient and Modern History. As students, whose peculiar occupation it is to search for truth, it will be interesting to you to seek for the different facts of history and to weigh their importance on the well-being of man. You will also find many lessons in the lives of noble men which will teach you to admire greatness of soul, bravery, integrity and every manly virtue. You will also find enough to teach you to despise what is mean and degrading in human nature; and you will learn to look upon men with charity, while you make allowances for the shortcomings incident to their state.

You will learn to entertain broad views of things, not think that the only great deeds are confined to this age and this country. Neither will you imagine that this is the worst age of the world. History will teach you the great lesson of our common humanity, that in different countries, and in different ages, men are about the same—now better, and now again worse; that no age, no people is altogether bad, none is altogether good, and that we are no exception; we are good in some things, bad in others, just like the rest of mankind, from Adam to our own day and generation. More than all this, you will see the hand of God in the affairs of men, and learn the great truth, that Providence rules in the history of nations. These are some of the moral lessons you will learn.

As students also, you have something else to look to. You want information, you want something noble to think about, something good to talk about among yourselves, and, afterwards, in society; something to speak about in your de-

bates, or, afterwards, in real life, when you may be called upon in public meeting, in law courts, or in the legislative hall, to defend the right or to castigate the wrong; you want something to write about, in your compositions now, and afterwards in your more serious, or even playful correspondence—in a word, you want information, practical information, for every occasion, both now and still more when you take your place, as men, among men. Now and then, you want what you can find in History, and only in History.

WILD FLOWERS.

The wild flowers of Europe have been often the theme of the Poet's song, so that their names are better known to Americans than the flowers themselves, and are adopted by young aspirants to poetry, without any distinct idea of what they mean. So the violet is praised for its sweetness, whereas the American violets are generally scentless. The names of others are conferred upon American plants which bear little resemblance to the originals. So when we read in Shakspeare of the "cowslip," instead of an elegant and fragrant species of the genus *primula*, a coarse and scentless *caltha* rises before our imagination, whose only claim to our regard is its early and welcome appearance as the forerunner of spring. But we have wild-flowers of our own, equally worthy of poetic fame with the better-known European plants, and if our young poets wish to write about what they understand, and understand what they write about, (which is questionable, as common sense and poetry are irreconcilable enemies) they should take advantage of the present early spring to become acquainted with the wild-flowers of their native country.

The first flower of the year is the *hepatica*, whose blossoms of rare hyacinthine blue, open only on sunshiny days, may be found about the beginning of April, on the banks of the river. As the season advances, they appear in great quantities on the shores of the lake, and through the woods in general. Their color varies from sky-blue to lilac—almost pink, and sometimes they are found pure white, which is always the color of the tassel of filaments in the middle of the blossom. They have a sweet, though scarcely perceptible, smell.

Soon after, the milk-white and fleeting flowers of the bloodroot (*sanguinaria*) spring up from the rich, black mould of the woods in the river

flats, and the shining, delicately-penciled clusters of *spring-beauty* (*claytonia*) appear. In these same low woods there is one spot—and *only* one, we believe,—where the dog tooth-violet (*erythronium*) blooms—for one short week, covering the ground with its delicate, lemon-colored flowers and glossy, green leaves. We have watched this little patch for more than six years, but have only once seen it in *full* bloom.

About two miles north-by-east of the College, an extensive swamp stretches in length about a mile, and in breadth less than half its length. The northern and eastern borders of this marsh are covered in spring by the aromatic leaves and scarlet berries of the winter-green, and the trailing stems of the mayflower, (*Epigaea*) which, this year, will bloom in advance of the month from which it takes its name. It is questionable, indeed, whether it *does* take its name from the month, or from the ship in which the Pilgrim Fathers arrived here, as its name of "mayflower" is peculiar to the Eastern States,—further South it is known as the trailing arbutus. But about its claims to be the chief of our native spring-flowers, there can be no question. Its waxy, delicate rose-tinted blossoms, and its rich, fruity fragrance, combine all that can render a flower lovely, while the time of the year at which it first appears makes it doubly welcome.

With the beginning of May the wild flowers become "too numerous to mention." There is a species of *trillium*, having three large snow-white petals, sometimes lightly streaked with crimson, which is an admirable decorative emblem for the altar of her who is the special object of the devotion of the month. It first appears in the woods down by the river, but the largest and finest specimens are to be gathered later in the month, near the creek which runs about three-quarters of a mile north of the College, under the wood which skirts the narrow meadow-land on each side of it. In the same place the large yellow lady's-slipper is to be found, and on the meadow itself, the scarlet painted-cup, growing in such profusion as to redden the appearance of the grass. Three kinds of *phlox* are particularly remarkable: one called the *ground pink*, almost white in color, grows on the sandiest and steepest banks of the river; a second, of a rich lilac tint, on low damp ground; the third approaches to crimson, and is found in great profusion on higher and drier grounds, with the blue spikes of the wild lupine.

As the days grow hot, in May and June, the

wild rose blossoms round the lake—a dwarf variety—with the harebell, which is the “blue-bell” of Scotland. The tiger-lilies in two varieties, one a turncap, belonging to the marshes, and the other a cup, growing in the woods and on the road sides, come in with the beginning of vacation, and are the principal flowers of summer. At the same time, the marsh pink, a tall elegant spike, of a tint between rose color and lilac, appears in the low ground between the lakes.

The month of July and the beginning of August are not favorable to the floral race. The hot dusty days drive everything that is fresh and delicate from the roadsides and fields, while the woods and marshes are filled with a luxuriant and rank vegetation. But when the nights begin to grow long, and the mornings cool and dewy, the cardinal flower, (*lobelia*,) the most brilliant blossom which we have, decorates the woods, its bright red petals glowing among the depths of green foliage. Its efforts to make the world gay are ill-supported, however, by a numerous, coarse, and brazen-looking tribe of yellow or greyish lilac flowering plants, of the natural order *compositæ*, which seem to cover the fields, woodlands and roadsides with the indifference of vulgarity, their iron constitution enabling them, alike, to endure the heat and dust of traveled ways, and to force a passage through the wild luxuriance of the tangled thicket.

We have merely noticed a few of the more remarkable of our wild flowers, with a view of stimulating all lovers of nature to research. In a botanical point of view, of course, there are many plants of more humble appearance which are equally,—if not more,—interesting to the student. But we have not written as a botanist. We are simply an admirer of the blossom, without caring whether it is a *corolla* or a *calyx*. If we have in some cases subjoined the scientific name, it is where the common name may not be sufficiently well known. We trust that the diligence of our friends during the favorable season will convince us that we have made many omissions from our category.

THE St. Cecilia Philomathian Association return their sincere thanks to Mr. John Graham, the gentlemanly publisher of the *Young Catholic's Guide*, 141 East Madison Street, Chicago, Illinois, for his splendid present to their library. This is not the first time Mr. Graham has shown his generosity to literary societies. We earnestly hope he may live long to do good, by distributing sound literature to the youth of the great West.

DNALREHTUS.

LOCAL.

ADDITIONAL LIST OF STUDENTS N. DAME.

MARCH 23d.

Ransom W. Hunt, Schoolcraft, Mich.

Eber B. Gambel, Adrian, Mich.

MARCH 27th.

Andrew Combs, Chicago, Ill.

The Notre Dame University Cornet Band.

This noble organization has hitherto been left rather in the shade, as far, at least, as the press is concerned, and the only reasons which can be assigned for the neglect is, that its energetic leader and earnest members are too modest to celebrate their own praises except in charming sounds, which, like the scenes of a panorama, delight us, and in so doing, pass rapidly away; and every body else thought the Band ought to be able to do their own *blowing*.

Well, all joking aside, we think that in the rush of business and press of cares which overwhelm the Editorial Corps, the Band has been neglected, notwithstanding our good intentions and our high appreciation of the merits of this pleasure-procuring Association. So we are determined, late though it be, to give them a portion, at least, of that meed of praise, which every one knows is their just due. To do them full justice would require our full space for several weeks.

The Notre Dame University Cornet Band re-organized this year, under the direction of Prof. J. O'Neill, the veteran Band Leader, with thirteen members, most of whom were entirely unacquainted with the use of musical instruments. But, as is the case in every undertaking that is pursued with energy and determination, they soon mastered the difficulties which beset every enterprise at its inception, and in the course of about six weeks, were so well drilled that to the surprise and admiration of all, they came forward on the 13th of October, the Festival of St. Edward, and executed with skill and remarkably good taste several beautiful and pretty difficult pieces. Since that time their numbers have increased to thirty members, and it is but tame praise to say that their skill has increased even more perceptibly than their numbers. For those who have heard them play, lately, this remark is altogether superfluous, and to those who have not heard them we would say: “Come and hear them,” for every one ought to hear the soul-stirring strains of this grand musical association, in which case

all would see for themselves and readily admit that our present College Band can successfully compete with any ordinary City Band in the country. This is the verdict rendered by all those who had the good fortune to be at Notre Dame on the festivals of St. Patrick and St. Joseph, and for the benefit of those who were deprived of the enjoyments and substantial pleasures participated in by all, both residents and visitors, we beg leave to add a few words on the special part which the Band took in these festivities.

Immediately after breakfast, on St. Patrick's Day, the members of the Band formed into line under the direction of Prof. O'Neill, and, in spite of a desperate wind, marched in good order and in silence from their room to the College building, where they arranged themselves in professional order and struck up the time-honored air: "St. Patrick's Day in the Morning." Then followed in quick succession, a host of Irish melodies, so neatly combined that they appeared to form but one piece, and executed with such spirit, that a stranger would be led to believe that the whole Band was but "lately swum," though the case with many of them is "far different." This opening salute to St. Patrick's Day, was the only display or public amusement permitted on this occasion, owing to the melancholy event of the decease of Master W. Sanguinet, noticed in a previous number.

On St. Joseph's Day, (19th inst.,) we were treated to an excellent musical feast by the members of the Cornet Band. At the High Mass, their solemn strains added greatly to the impressive ceremonies which always accompany the Holy Sacrifice, and transported us in thought to that blissful land where angelic harmony sheds around its enrapturing delight.

During the dinner of the Community, (this it will be remembered is one of the special festivals of the Congregation of Holy Cross,) the Band discoursed some most beautiful music, in which the heavy bass of Messrs. Hoffman and Dickinson, especially towards the end of the meal, fully supplied the place of physical exercise, (so much recommended as an aid to digestion,) by the earthquaky vigor of its tones.

These lovers of martial harmony kept up a continual concert of varied music throughout the afternoon, with short intervals of rest, and the loud and hearty cheers of the Students, and the not less hearty, though less loud commendation of more sedate men, proved beyond doubt that

their efforts to please and entertain all were eminently successful.

In conclusion we would say that the members of the Band deserve to be successful. They are all earnest and gentlemanly young men, and we trust that many who have not yet heard them may have an opportunity, before the close of the year, of enjoying not only their excellent music, but also their personal acquaintance.

A DREAM.

One beautiful evening in October, I retired as usual at nine o'clock,—the hour prescribed by the rules of the College; and wearied by the mental turmoil of the day, I sought repose, hoping to enjoy a good night's rest that I might enter with renewed vigor upon the duties of the morrow.

Morpheus was soon engaged ministering to those all round me. I could hear, or rather fancied that I heard, the rustling of his wings as he flew from couch to couch, and saw my fellow-students, one after another, smell his scented poppies and yield to their potent influence. But the god passed me, not deigning to cast even a passing glance, but left me to roll and tumble in the bed until my body became fatigued, and my mind, already wearied by the pressing labors of the day, borrowed care, thinking of the morrow's tasks. "Livy," whispered a chiding voice, "makes sad complaints of being much neglected, while Horace is pained to think that you do not appreciate his noble lyrics and keen satires; and what shall I say of Homer whom you, forsooth, style a 'bore,' and that the learned of all ages have erred in calling him the 'Prince of Poets?' Let it be no longer thus: shake off this lethargy and enter with your whole soul into the spirit of your studies, and what before caused anxiety and trouble will then be a source of profit and pleasure."

Conscience, smarting under such a well-deserved rebuke, banished every remaining symptom of sleep, and Homer, Horace and Livy, each in turn, came to agitate my now bewildered brain until I forgot all in the oblivion of a gentle slumber. I had not slept long when I began to dream. I thought my little iron bedstead changed into a beautiful canoe, and that, with no one save myself to guide its course, it was gliding over the silvery waters of our own tranquil lake. Mine was a situation peculiarly romantic: alone in my little bark, on the placid bosom of the crystal lake at midnight, the moon shining in all her

brilliancy with now and then a fleecy cloud floating athwart her path; the gentle murmuring of the neighboring brook; the rustling of the leaves; the graceful nodding of the trees which stood sentinel-like guarding the fairy scene, for truly enchanting did it seem to my sleeping fancy.

Suddenly, however, a storm arose and all was changed. My fragile canoe, without a sail or an oar, was now a plaything for the furious winds, while I, paralyzed with fear, clung to the sides of the already shattered vessel, expecting every moment to be buried in the lake. At length a gust, fiercer than the others, upset the boat, and down, down I went into the troubled waters, insensible to everything save the chill from the water and the sound of a bell which I thought ringing my *requiem*. At this juncture I awoke, and was thankful to find myself, not at the bottom of the lake, but on the floor of the dormitory, my hands grasping the leg of the bed, the rain pouring in through the open window, and a bell in the adjacent church proclaiming that the silent, dreary midnight was at hand. I need scarcely add that I was thankful to find that my dream was only a dream, and that I immediately got into bed and enjoyed a sound sleep the remainder of the night.

SOMNIATOR.

Euglossian Association.

It would seem to the casual observer that there existed societies enough at Notre Dame: three of a purely literary character, as many of a musical nature, while the religious seem to embrace, in two, quite as many members as all combined.

But a want was felt for an organization which would have for its sole object the study of elocution. Accordingly a number of the Senior students, recently under the able instruction of Prof. Griffith, have organized a society known as the "Euglossian Association." The first regular meeting was held on the 12th inst., in Washington Hall, and the following officers were chosen for the remaining portion of the scholastic year:

Director—Rev. D. J. Spillard, S. S. C.

President—W. T. Johnson.

Vice-President—M. C. Peterson.

Secretary—John Gibbons.

Treasurer—F. W. Pape.

Critics—Messrs. S. L. Moore and J. Campbell.

Censor—Ivo Buddeke.

We invite into our association all the earnest

students who wish to cultivate a taste for, as well as to obtain a thorough, practical knowledge of elocution, which enables a reader or speaker to convey clearly, forcibly and agreeably, the meaning of what he reads or speaks.

As we hope to be heard from again, we must not trespass on your limited space.

REPORTER.

A GRAND ADVENTURE.—Last Sunday afternoon, while promenading about the College premises, a young friend of ours met, to his utter disgust, and *perhaps* to his dismay, a horrible monster, *never observed before by any zoologist, and, therefore, nameless*. The hideous quadruped no sooner espied the stout-hearted biped than he boldly made up to him, and evidently manifested the determination to "fight or die." He accordingly made some fearful onslaughts and vigorous attempts on the *calves* . . . of our brave youth's legs! But nothing loth or daunted, our young hero firmly stood his ground, and (wonderful to relate, knowing, as we do, the real mettle of his heart,) he even succeeded in bringing his valiant enemy to the direst extremity, even to the complete extinction of life. But a glorious death was *his* (the monster's), for he died *game*! This is made sufficiently evident, when we state that all his wounds were inflicted on the *fore* part of his head, by means—it is supposed—of the tip of our friend's boots. The result of that fearful and most dangerous encounter was a precious addition to our College Museum in the shape of a . . . muskrat!!!

"TYRO."

N. B. The above-mentioned "monster" has been stuffed, in very fine style, by Brother Fd. & Co., taxidermists.

WE notify our numerous friends and subscribers that Charles Dickens is expected here on the First of April. Likewise Weston, and also Commodore Nutt. The hour has been fixed (judiciously) at three o'clock in the morning, in order to avoid confusion arising from April Fools and other nuisances. Our Chicago friends will, no doubt, avail themselves of this opportunity of seeing Dickens, as he does not intend to visit their interesting, but dirty, city. Prof. Lyons has kindly consented to attend to every body. Come one, come all, and remember, friends, the farther you come, and the more expense you go to, the better you will appreciate the magnificent entertainment in store for you.

TABLES OF HONOR.

Week Ending March 20th.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

R. A. Brown, Wm. Walker, F. Cousins, F. Crapser, H. Keeler, D. Clarke, F. Harrison, J. Duffy, H. C. Boardman, A. Ott, and C. Fuhrer.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

L. Hilsendegen, L. Brannock, C. Hutchings, M. Hackett, P. Cochrane, T. Duvall, C. O'Neill, L. Schneider, C. Tierney, F. Clerget, and J. Thompson.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Albert Cressner, Frank Hunt, Ferdinand Mier, George Terrell, Oliver Tong, and Edwin Wile.

Week Ending March 27th.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

J. Garharstine, E. S. Pillars, J. Gibbons, Wm. McWhirt, J. E. Foley, C. K. Hibben, J. H. Lecompte, H. Lenehan, L. Reswick, and Wm. Waldo.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

George Kurt, J. Winterbotham, C. Humbert, T. Watson, F. Ingersoll, M. Mahoney, J. McGuire, J. O'Neill, J. Dooley, and G. Bowers.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Harvey Bouton, Samuel Beaubien, George Lyons, Ernest Lyons, James Murphy, and Willie Raggio.

HONORABLE MENTION.

Names of students deserving honorable mention:

BOOK-KEEPING.

E. Bahm, J. Broderick, J. Sutherland, E. Callahan, J. Coppinger, C. E. Sage, J. Flanigen, H. B. Moody, J. Crowley, C. H. Fuhrer, J. Harrison, C. H. Moore, C. Rassner, R. A. Brown, F. Crapser, J. Claffey, J. Gibbons, A. J. O'Reilly, J. W. Watts, N. S. Wood, D. Brady, H. C. Boardman, H. Bird, J. Gavitt, A. Hoffman, R. Heffernan and Wm. McWhirt.

FIRST PENMANSHIP.

A. Hoffman, F. Crapser, J. Vocke, J. Harrison, T. Cunnea, J. Lenehan, J. Claffey and F. B. Hoffman.

SECOND PENMANSHIP.

A. B. White, R. S. Aikin, J. Roberts, C. H. Moore, J. B. Gaunt, P. S. Rhodes, Wm. Falke and D. Brady.

DIFFERENTIAL CALCULUS.

Stacy B. Hibben and James McBride.

TRIGONOMETRY AND SURVEYING.

C. K. Hibben and H. Eisenman.

FIRST GEOMETRY.

A. B. White, Wm. O'Donnell, D. A. Clarke, Wm. Rhodes and Ed. Bahm.

FIRST ALGEBRA.

H. B. Keeler, A. B. White, H. Eisenman and J. Winterbotham.

SECOND ALGEBRA.

James Monroe, Dennis Clarke, William Waldo and Ivo Buddeke.

THIRD ALGEBRA.

James O'Reilly, John Flanigen, Ed. Bahm, F. Kaiser, Wm. Rhodes, M. C. Peterson, Jas. Claffey, H. C. Boardman, S. R. Anson, E. Callahan, John Alber, John Grogan, James W. Watts, C. Sage, J. Lenahan, Wm. McWhirt, Joseph Hull, A. V. Hoffinan, Jas. A. Dickinson and Thos. Downing.

FOURTH ALGEBRA.

James Lenahan, Francis Cousins, John H. Lecompte, James Wilson, Thomas Watson, James Sutherland, and John W. Coppinger.

FIRST ARITHMETIC (SR).

Charles Fuhrer, J. B. Gaunt, Ed. Bahm, John Flanigen, James Claffey, M. C. Peterson, R. Callahan, John Gibbons, Wm. McWhirt, James W. Watts, George Bower, C. Sage, Jas. W. Murphy, James L. Wilson, H. C. Boardman, Jas. Monroe, Louis Botto, Chas. Ogle, Geo. Kriefbaum, Frank Ingersoll, William Reynolds, Asa Wetherbee, M. Hackett, A. O'Reilly and James Edwards.

SECOND ARITHMETIC, (First Division.)

H. D. Rodman, M. Mahoney, J. Lenahan and T. Downing.

SECOND ARITHMETIC (Second Division.)

William O'Brien, Jeremiah Crowley and P. J. O'Connell.

THIRD ARITHMETIC (SR).

H. Lecompte, C. V. Hertich and Jas. Cochran.

FIFTH ARITHMETIC (SR).

C. F. Georges, J. A. Klar and Jos. Garharstine

SECOND ARITHMETIC, (JR.)

Lawrence Wilson, Roscoe Broughton, John O'Neill, James McGuire, Vincent Hackman, David S. Bell, Charles Dodge, Charles Tierney, Benjamin Heffernan, Michael Brannock, and Philip Cochrane.

THIRD ARITHMETIC, (JR.)

Herman Falkenbach, John Dunn, Charles Hutchings, William Smith, George Fletcher, and Thomas Batman.

FOURTH ARITHMETIC, (JR.)

James F. Lewis, Eugene H. Benoist, James McCabe, C. S. Humbert, Henry E. Benoist, John Murray, John Kendall, and John Klein.

FIFTH ARITHMETIC, (JR.)

L. Hilsendegen, John Cash, Joseph Campbell, Samuel Dessauer, George Tobin.

Honorable mentions will next week be made in Chemistry, Natural Philosophy, Geology, Mineralogy, Anatomy, French, German, Drawing, Vocal and Instrumental Music, Cornet Band and Choir.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY, }
March 26th, 1868. }

The Catholic pupils having been engaged in the exercises of Retreat, the Tables of Honor remain the same as last week, the usual distribution of points being omitted.

THE FEAST OF ST. PATRICK.

This festival was signalized by hearty Recreation, and "the wearing of the green." The young ladies entered with great zest into the spirit of the day, and found the hours quite too rapid in their inconsiderate progress. It was—by the inexorable bell—nine o'clock *post meridian*, when, had their hearts been consulted as reliable chronometers, it would have been but six o'clock *ante meridian*, March 17th, 1868.

THE RETREAT.

On the eve of the 19th, the Festival of St. Joseph, the Catholic pupils of the Academy entered upon Annual Religious Retreat which is always observed during Lent at St. Mary's. It was conducted by Rev. Father Gaudentius, a Passionist Father, of Pittsburgh, Penn. His sermons, or rather familiar instructions, at once simple, direct and impressive, seem to have produced the most desirable results. The most edifying attention and strict observance of the order adopted, marked the entire period set apart for the exercises, and the momentous subjects under consideration seemed to command the interest they unquestionably merit.

The Confessions and Communions, observed at the end of the Retreat, appear to have been made with remarkable care, fervor and piety. The saintly and eloquent Father, though born and educated in Italy, the chosen home and nursery of faith, expressed himself in unmeasured terms of commendation when speaking of the conduct and disposition of the young ladies. On their part the warmest sentiments of sincere gratitude and reverence are cherished in return for the great benefits they have derived. The concluding instruction and Papal Benediction were given at ten o'clock Sunday morning.

THE LÆTARE ROSE.

It may be relevant, and even necessary, to premise our notice by stating that it is a time-honored custom at Rome to celebrate the middle Sunday of Lent in the following manner: The Holy Father blesses a Golden Rose, and then transmits this flower of the Penitential season to some empress or queen remarkable for her devo-

tion to the interests of truth, virtue and religion. The *Lætare Rose*, however, is never presented on a second occasion to the same princess. Originally the ceremony of bestowing this honor, was conducted with great pomp, the Pope himself handing the rose to the fortunate sovereign. Of course at that time all took place at the Eternal City. A grand cavalcade of princes and lords, both secular and ecclesiastic, with the Holy Father mounted on horseback at their head, passed in procession through the principal streets. The emperor or king who deserved the distinction of assisting the Pope when he alighted, received as his reward the *Lætare Rose*. The ceremony at the present day is more simple, and different in many respects, but no less significant. The Sunday takes its name from the first word of the Office of the day: *Lætare!*—Rejoice! The rose is a token to remind us of the happiness and joy to blossom in our souls on the rapidly approaching festival of Easter.

At St. Mary's, a *Golden Lætare Rose*, in imitation of the more pretending one blessed at Rome, was presented to the most deserving pupil of the Academy. By acclamation, Miss K. Doran of Rockford, Illinois, was proclaimed as the one most worthy. The young lady, quite surprised by this unlooked for honor, accepted the charming gift from Very Rev. Father Provincial, who had assembled the young ladies in the Study-Hall to make the award.

THE FESTIVAL OF THE ANNUNCIATION.

This great festival was full of interesting incidents. Previous to the Mass, four young ladies of St. Mary's Novitiate took the white veil, by this means openly avowing their determination of devoting their lives to the cause of Christian education. The young ladies of the Academy witnessed the beautiful scene.

Vespers were sung and Benediction given at eleven o'clock. The following young ladies were received into the Society of the *Children of Mary*. Misses Agnes Mulhall, Mary Chouteau, K. Graham, Anastasia Darcy, Frances Gittings, Josephine Grieshop, E. Ewing, Winifred Corby.

Misses Sarah Gleason, K. Connor, Anna Tarrant, and Esther Lonnergan, received the "Badge" as aspirants to membership.

In the Society of the *Children of the Holy Angels*, Misses Julia and Maggie Walker, Mary O'Meara, Mary Clark, and Adelaide Metzger, were accepted as regular members.

The Act of Consecration to the Sacred Heart of Mary, after the *Formula of Admission*, was pronounced by Miss Anastasia Darcy. The Act of Consecration to the Holy Angels was made by little Julia Walker.